

Humorous Department

About MacCracken.—The evidence of the truth of the old saying that blood will tell was hardly ever better presented than in the case of the two sons of Chancellor Emeritus MacCracken of New York University. MacCracken of the Philadelphia Record.

One day his son, John Henry MacCracken, was elected president of Lafayette college and the next day another son, Henry Noble MacCracken, was elected president of Vassar college.

The father of the two new college presidents, when interviewed, said, "I know of no precedent for such a thing in the educational world and it is, of course, very gratifying. I had nothing to do with their appointments, any they came without any recommendations on my part. Indeed, I do not believe that, when the trustees of either institution were selecting one of my sons they had any idea that he had a brother."

"But they knew he had a father," it was suggested.

"Thank you," replied the chancellor.

Bullet Was On Time.—Private Blank was known to all his chums as "the early bird," probably because it was an exact description of the very opposite to what he really was, for "the early bird" was always late, the last man to get out of bed at reveille and the last man on parade, and when his regiment sailed for France his chums declared that he was the last into the transport ship and the last out of it, relates London Tit-Bits.

When his regiment was doing its spell in the trenches, "the early bird" was sent for by his officer, and as he was creeping along the trench towards the dugout a stray bullet caught him in the shoulder, just as he was outside the officer's shelter.

After seeing that he wasn't seriously wounded, the officer explained with a twinkle in his eye, "if you had just been a second earlier you would have missed that."

"I would sir," replied Private Blank, "or if I had been a second later it would have missed me."

Fact and Fancy.—Uncle Luke, locally credited with having once laid eyes upon Gen. Washington, was a personage in town, says the New York Evening Post. A visitor came to stay with the colonel in the big house, and was told of Uncle Luke's distinction. The colonel summoned Luke to prove the statement.

"Luke," said the colonel, "you saw General Washington once, didn't you?"

Luke shuffled uneasily on the step.

"You remember seeing him, don't you, Luke?" the colonel persisted.

"No, suh, Ah am remember," Luke answered finally.

"You don't remember?" the colonel exploded. "Why, you rascal, you've said you did thousands of times!"

"Yas, suh," Luke responded, "but de fact is, suh, Ah done line de ch'ch'ch' week, an' Ah recollect dat was Mr. Hoke Smith Ah remember seel'n, sah."

Sure, He Thought of Her.—There was trouble in the nursery. Baby Enid was howling, and mother couldn't soothe her, says the Kansas City Times.

At last she found out the cause of the disturbance and turned irately on Johnny.

"You don't mean to say, you greedy little boy," she demanded, "that you have eaten all those sweets grandma gave you, and never even thought of your little sister?"

Johnny looked hurt.

"Oh, yes, I did think of her," he said in an aggrieved voice. "I was thinking of her all the time, and I was frightened that she would see them before I ate them all!"

Asking Her Pa.—The young man edged himself diffidently into the presence of the old man, relates the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"What can I do for you, sir?" asked the elder.

"I shall come directly to the point," said the younger. "I wish to marry your daughter."

"This was the old gentleman's cue to get out his handkerchief, and he did it."

"Alas," he wept, "how shall I ever spare her? Her mother is dead and she is all I have left. And I am an old man—not long for this world."

"You interest me strangely," put in the suitor cheerfully. "What other recommendations has she?"

His Recommendation.—An applicant for appointment to the position of deputy marshal for one of the counties of southwest Virginia, asked a citizen of that county to endorse his recommendation. The man took the paper, glanced over it, then wrote something and handed it back. The applicant read:

"Waiving the language of the indorsement above, I will say that if the appointive board sees fit to appoint Mr. Blank as deputy marshal for his county it will be perfectly agreeable with me—I'm going to locate in Kentucky."—National Food Magazine.

Practical Rebuke.—"I've been reading an article on electricity, John," said the wife as she laid down a copy of a technical magazine which she had been perusing. "And it appears before long we'll be able to get pretty near everything we want just by touching a button."

"It will never pay here," growled the husband. "You would never be able to get anything in that way."

"Why not, John?"

"Because nothing on earth would ever make you touch a button. Look at my shirt!"

Didn't Wrong Her.—A settlement worker tells how shocked she was to encounter this bit of cynicism in the slums. The conversation was between two women whose married life had not been particularly felicitous.

"Well," said one of them, "of course, we have our troubles with all of 'em. But I'll say this for my second husband—he's better than my first. He's in jail so much that practically all I earn I have for myself."—Chicago Herald.

Might Hurt Her Feelings.—"We were slowly starving to death," remarked the famous explorer at the boarding house table, "but we cut up our boots and made soup of them, and thus sustained life."

"S-h-h-h. Not so loud," exclaimed the dyspeptic boarder. "The landlady might hear you."—Puck.

A Calling.—"How would you classify a telephone girl? Is her's a business or a profession?"

"Neither; it's a calling."

MODERN ARTILLERY FIRE

War Correspondent Gives Vivid Description.

GREAT GUNS, CAREFULLY CONCEALED.

Trenches Torn Up and Destroyed from Inconceivable Distances, and Cities Destroyed over a Range of Twenty Miles—Fearful Destruction of the Great Engines of Modern Warfare.

The Army and Navy Journal prints the following extracts from an interesting article describing experiences "In the Field With the Armies of France," in the September Scribner's, by E. Alexander Powell, war correspondent of the New York World, London Daily Mail and Scribner's Magazine, with the allied armies.

"The guns were of various 105-millimeter model, which are claimed to be as much superior to the famous 75's as the latter are to all other field artillery. A few minutes' walk along the ridge before us to the battery of 105's, which was the real object of our visit. The guns were not posted on the summit of the ridge, but a quarter of a mile behind it, so that the ridge itself, a dense forest, and the river Aisne intervened between the battery and the German positions four miles away. The guns were sunk in pits so ingeniously masked with shrubs and branches that they were almost invisible. The trenches were lined with wicker fences and apparently innocent clump of tangled vegetation to suggest that it concealed an amazing quantity of potential death. This battery had been here for many weeks, and the Germans had utilized the time, which hung heavy on their hands, in making themselves comfortable and in beautifying their surroundings. With the taste and ingenuity so characteristic of the French they had transformed the trenches into a sylvan grove. The winding paths were lined with wicker fences and bordered by strips of white sand, on which appeared patriotic mottoes in colored pebbles. Scattered about were ingeniously constructed rustic seats and tables. Within ten feet of one of the great guns a bed of hyacinths made the air heavy with their fragrance. The next gun-pit was banked about with yellow crocuses. Hanging from the arbor which shielded another of the steel monsters were baskets made of moss and bark, in which were violets.

"Do the Germans know the position of these guns? I asked the battery commander.

"Not exactly, though they have of course, a pretty general idea. They know that we are somewhere at the back of the ridge, so every now and then they attempt to clear us out by means of progressive fire. That is, they start in at the summit, and by gradually increasing the elevation of their guns, systematically sweep the entire back slope of the ridge, so that some of their shells are almost certain to drop in on us. Do you appreciate, however, that though we have now been in this same position for nearly three months, though not a day goes by that we are not under fire, and though a number of my men have been killed or wounded, we have never seen the target at which we are firing, and we have never seen a German soldier?"

"A ten minutes' walk across the open tableland which forms the summit of the ridge, then through a dense bit of forest, and we found ourselves at the entrance to one of those secret observation posts from which the French observe the movements of the enemy and by means of telephones, direct and control the fire of their own batteries with incredible accuracy. This particular observation post occupied the mouth of a cave in the precipitous hillside above the Aisne, being rendered invisible by a cleverly arranged screen of bushes. Pinned to the earthen walls were contour maps and fire-control charts; powerful telescopes mounted on tripods brought the German trenches across the river close to us; a military telephone was connected with the German batteries on a switchboard and pushed buttons or pulled out pegs. Peering cautiously through the opening in the screen of bushes, I found myself looking down upon the winding silver ribbon which is the Aisne; to the south-west I could catch a glimpse of the pottery roofs of Soissons. The gentle sides of the river valley were everywhere slashed and scarred by zigzag lines of yellow which I knew to be the German trenches. But, though I knew that those trenches sheltered an invincible army, not a sign of life was to be seen. A soldier adjusted a powerful telescope. The colonel motioned me to look through it, and suddenly the things that looked like yellow lines became recognizable as marvelously constructed earthworks.

"Now," said the colonel, "focus your glass on that trench just above the ruined farm house, and I will show you what our gunners can do." After consulting a chart with innumerable red and blue lines, he said, "I am making some heavy calculations with a pencil, he gave a few curt orders to a junior officer who sat at a telephone switchboard with receivers clamped to his ears. The young officer spoke some cabalistic figures into the transmitter and concluded with the order: 'Tir rapide.'"

"Now," called the colonel, "watch the trenches." A moment later, from somewhere behind the ridge at the back of us, came in rapid succession six splashing crashes. A fraction of a second later I saw six puffs of black smoke suddenly appear against one of the yellow lines on the distant hillside; six fountains of earth shot high into the air. "Right into the trenches!" exclaimed the colonel. "Watch once more." Again six splashing crashes, six distant puffs of smoke, and, floating back to us a moment later, six muffled detonations.

"The battery that has just been firing is six miles from those trenches," remarked the colonel casually. "Not so bad, eh?"

"It's marvelous," I answered, "but all the time I was wondering how many lives had been snuffed out for my benefit that morning on the distant hillside."

This attack drew the German fire and the correspondent spent the next half hour in the nearest bomb-proof trench with shrapnel whining overhead. He says: "The French artillery officers tell me that the German ammunition has noticeably deteriorated in the last few months. Well, perhaps. Still, I had noticed it. It was 20 minutes before the storm of shrapnel slackened and it was safe to start."

"It must be borne in mind that the task of the artillery is far easier in hilly or mountainous country, such as is found along the Aisne and in the Vosges and Alsace, where the move-

ments of the enemy can be observed with comparative facility and where both observers and gunners can usually find a certain degree of shelter, than in Artois and Flanders, where the country is as flat as the top of a table, with nothing even remotely resembling a hill. In the flat country the guns are carefully concealed by means of branches from detection by hostile aircraft, take position at distances varying from 2,000 to 5,000 yards from the enemy's trenches. Immediately in the rear of each gun is a subterranean shelter so that when a German Taube comes in sight the gun crew can go to earth until it has passed. An artillery subaltern, known in the British service as the forward observing officer, goes up to the infantry trenches and, chooses a position, sometimes in a tree, sometimes in a sort of dugout, from which he can obtain an unobstructed view of his battery's zone of fire. He is to his battery very much what a coach is to a football team, giving his men directions by telephone. Amid all the uproar of battle the observing officer has to keep careful track, through his glasses, of every shell his battery fires, and to inform his battery commander by telephone of the effect of his fire. He can make no mistakes, for on those portions of the battle line where the trenches are very closely pressed where the trenches are very closely pressed a hundred feet apart the slightest misalignment in giving the range might land the shells among his own men. The critical moment is, however, when the enemy makes a sudden rush and climbing out of their trenches come rolling forward. Instantly the French trenches crackle and roar into the full blast of magazine fire. The air quivers to the incessant crash of bursting shrapnel. 'Infantry attack!' calls the observer officer into the telephone. 'Number one, four and five guns fire!' and his battery, two or three miles in the rear begins pouring shrapnel on the advancing Germans. But still the gun figures come on. 'Drop twenty-five!' he orders. 'Careful with your fuse-setting.' * * * very close to your trenches." The French shrapnel sprays the ground immediately in front of the French trenches as a street cleaner sprays the pavement with a hose. The gray line checks, falters, sways uncertainly before the blast of steel. Men begin to fall by dozens and scores, others turn and run for the trench. With a shrill cheer the French infantry spring from their trenches in a series of attacks. 'Raise twenty-five!' * * * raise fifty,' telephones the observing officer as the blue figures of his countrymen sweep forward in the charge. And so it goes, the guns backing up the French attacks and breaking the German ones.

It should be remembered that there are two types of shell in common use today—shrapnel and high explosive—used for entirely different purposes. Shrapnel is intended only for use against infantry in the open when lightly entrenched. At a range of 2,500 yards the bullets of the British 18-pound shrapnel, 375 in number, cover a space 250 yards wide and 30 yards wide—an area of more than one and a half acres. Though terribly effective against infantry attacks or unprotected batteries, shrapnel are wholly useless against fortified positions, strongly built houses or deep and well planned entrenchments. The high explosive shell contains no bullets, but a charge of high explosive—in the British usually melinite, in the German usually lyddite, and in the German army iron-trochene. The effect is far more concentrated than that of shrapnel, covering only three-fifths of the area affected by the latter. Though shrapnel has practically no effect on barbed wire entanglements or on concrete, and very little on earthworks, high explosive shells of the same caliber destroy everything in the vicinity, concrete, wire entanglements, steel shields, guns, and even the trenches themselves disappearing.

"The commanding importance of the high explosive shell in this war is due to the peculiar nature of the conflict. The struggle has developed into a fortress war on the most gigantic scale. The Germans are not simply entrenching. The so-called trenches are in reality concrete forts, with shields of armor plate, protected by the most ingenious wire entanglements and other obstructions, and defended by machine guns mounted behind steel plates and capable of firing a thousand shots a minute, in the enormous proportion of one to every 50 men. In order to give the way for an infantry attack on the German position of this description near Arras, the French fired 200,000 rounds of high explosives in a single day—and the scouts came back to report that not a barbed wire entanglement, a trench, or a living human being remained. During the same battle the British, owing to a shortage of high explosive ammunition, were able to precede their attack by only 40 minutes of shell fire. This was wholly insufficient to clear away the enormous concrete and other obstructions, and, as a result, the men were literally mowed down by the German machine guns. To give some idea of the staggering expense of modern artillery fire, I might mention that the Germans, during the crossing of the San, fired 700,000 shells in four hours.

"I have twice been under the fire of the German siege guns—in Antwerp last October and in Dunkirk in early May. At Dunkirk a room had been reserved for me on the upper floor of the local hotel, the Hotel des Ardennes. It must have been about six in the morning when I was awakened by a splashing crash, then another and another, each louder and therefore nearer the one preceding. I knew from previous experience a German Taube was raining death upon the city. I could see the machine quite plainly, its armor plate gleaming in the morning sun. The anti-aircraft guns mounted on the ramparts opened fire, and bursting shrapnel splashed the sky. A pom-pom began its infernal trip-hammerlike clatter. An armed car, evidently British from the R. N. painted on its turret, tore into the square in front of the hotel the lean barrel of its quick-firing gun sweeping the sky, and began to send shell after shell at the aerial intruder. Suddenly above the tumult came a new and inconceivably terrifying sound; a law, deep-toned roar rapidly rising into a thunderous crescendo. As it passed above our heads it sounded as though a giant in the sky were tearing mighty strips of linen. Then an explosion came, and the sound of the explosion. The house-top seemed to rock and sway. The hotel shook to its foundations. The glass in the windows rattled until I thought that it would break. In the direction of the receiving hospital and the railway station a mushroom-shaped cloud of green-brown smoke shot suddenly high into

the air. * * * Just as I was struggling with my boots there came another whistling roar and another terrific detonation. High in the air above the quivering city still circled the German Taube, more than a score of miles away across the Belgian border where the shells were hitting. Think of it. Think of bombarding a city at a range of 23 miles and every shot a hit. That is the marvel of this modern warfare. Imagine the Grand Central station in New York, the Presbyterian hospital, the Metropolitan Life building and the city hall being blown to smithereens by shells fired from Rahway, N. J. It makes one understand why the Germans are so desperately anxious to reach Calais with the fort-crowned cliffs of Dover rising across the channel less than 20 miles away. * * * One has to see the ruin produced by a 38-centimeter shell to believe it. One finds a building that building simply ceases to exist. It crumbles, disintegrates, disappears. I do not mean to say that its roof is ripped off or that one of its walls is blown away. I mean to say that that whole building crashes to the ground as though flattened by the hand of God. The Germans sent only 12 of their shells into Burgess, but the center of the town looked like Market Street in San Francisco after the earthquake."

PALMETTO GLEANINGS

Current Happenings and Events Throughout South Carolina.

J. F. Strain has been appointed a magistrate for Cherokee county, to succeed J. R. Hughes, resigned.

Governor Manning and former Governor Bleasdale have returned from Boston, Mass., where they attended the conference of governors.

The fertilizer plant of the North Augusta Fertilizer and Warehouse company, was burned to the ground Monday night, entailing a loss of about \$6,000.

The home of Postmaster Poulton of Charleston was discovered this week to have been robbed of several hundred dollars' worth of clothing and valuables.

Edward Stribbling, a well known citizen of Seneca, attempted to commit suicide Tuesday by shooting himself through the head. He will probably die.

Col. Alvin H. Dean of Greenville, has announced that he will be a candidate for congress from the Fourth congressional district to succeed Sam J. Nicholls when Nicholls' term expires in 1917.

Robert Rawl, a young white man, who lives at the Saxe-Gotha mill village in Lexington county, has been lodged in jail on the charge of attempted criminal assault upon a young lady. Rawl is a married man with four children. He denied the charge of assault.

United States Senator Benjamin R. Tillman spent several days in Brooklyn, N. Y., the past week, visiting the navy yard. Senator Tillman is chairman of the committee on naval affairs. While in New York he visited a number of submarine vessels, going down under the water in them.

Albert Thompson, a native of Spartanburg, who has been under arrest at Hendersonville, N. C., for several weeks charged with the shooting of Ed Wells, a well known sporting man of Atlanta, has been released on a bond of \$3,000. The trial of Thompson is expected to be quite sensational.

The bank of Aynor, in Horry county, which began business only about two weeks ago, was broken into and robbed by unknown persons Sunday night. Only about \$15 was secured, since the cashier of the institution feared the pressure and moved about \$1,000 of the bank's funds into another safe in the town.

Gov. Manning this week issued a requisition on Gov. Stuart of Virginia, for the return to this state of Charles Thomas, alias Jim Wade, alias Black Kid, who is under arrest at Petersburg in that state. The prisoner escaped from the Greenwood county chain gang and will be brought back there to serve out his sentence. The request for the requisition was made by Solicitor Robert A. Cooper.

Herbert A. Moses, secretary to Governor Manning since his inauguration, has resigned. O. K. LaRoque of Marion, has been appointed his successor. In Secretary Moses stated that he resigned because it was necessary for him to return to his home in Sumter.

The new secretary is well known throughout the state. For several years he has been engaged in the hail insurance business. For a number of years he has been chief of the famous Marion fire department.

Abram Hardy, a negro about 40 years of age, was shot and killed by Deputy Sheriff Dorroh, and J. H. Chappell and J. A. Kinard, assistant deputies, in Newberry this week. The negro had refused to pay his street tax and had refused to serve the required time in working the streets in lieu thereof. When his arrest was attempted he drew a stick and struck the officers. It was then that he was shot and killed.

The five counties in the United States leading in value of all crops produced in 1909, as returned by the thirteenth United States census, are Los Angeles county, Cal., with a value of \$14,720,854; Lancaster county, Pa., \$13,659,588; McLean county, Ill., \$12,811,506; Whitman county, Wash., \$12,540,694; and Livingston county, Ill., \$11,377,297. In the same year, the leading county in South Carolina was Orangeburg, with crops valued at \$7,457,227.

T. U. Vaughan, former superintendent of the Old Fellows Home in Greenville, who was convicted some months ago for a crime committed against girl inmates of the institution, and who is under sentence of death, was taken to Greenville this week to be re-sentenced, his appeal to the United States courts having failed. There being some question as to the sanity of the man, Judge Prince ordered that he be taken back to the state penitentiary until the next term of the Greenville court of general sessions, when a jury shall pass upon his sanity.

Colonel Robert M. Thompson of New York, president of the Navy League, expresses himself as follows on the naval predicament: "To avoid becoming entangled in a disastrous war with one of the highly developed fighting organizations of Europe, the United States must appropriate \$500,000,000 for a vast naval increase at once, and must raise a standing army of 1,000,000 young men, between the ages of 18 and 21 years."

VACCINATION FOR TYPHOID

Public is Awakening to the Value of the Preventative.

An enormous increase in the number of persons seeking anti-typhoid vaccination is reported by the S. P. Health Service, according to a Washington special to the Charlotte Observer. Not alone is this increase manifest among the better classes, but organization the government employees, but the general public is also awakening to the value of the inoculation. Reports from physicians throughout the country indicate that many are receiving the preventative treatment and laboratory establishments have had a greatly increased demand for the vaccine. So great is the call among employees of the government that the health department has issued a second edition of the secretary of the treasury's circular stating the localities where the treatment may be had. It is estimated that during 1914 over 100,000 persons throughout the country were immunized and it is believed that in 1915 the number will exceed 300,000. In four months of 1898 there were over 2,000 cases of typhoid among 10,000 soldiers encamped in Florida; in 1911 more than 2,000 cases, if such a degree of immunity can be harmlessly conferred upon a body of men, the result is a more healthful condition and whose age renders them susceptible, the conclusion is that protection can just as easily be afforded ordinary citizens.

Anti-typhoid vaccination is quite as simple as for smallpox and even children are vaccinated. There is no local effects other than a slight reddening at the site of the injection, and sore arms are entirely lacking. Unless such aid is extended, it is only fair to say that somehow or other we are going to get a system that will recognize its duty to agriculture as well as to commerce, manufactures and transportation and that the whole agricultural south will at once move with hurricane-like forces for an absolutely new deal in banking—Progressive Farmer.

It is believed that more widespread recognition of the benefits conferred by anti-typhoid immunization will have an immediate effect upon the morbidity and mortality rates for the disease. As a result of sanitary measures adopted in the South, typhoid has been cut in half during the last 15 years; what has been done in 15 years of sanitation can be done in a few months by vaccination. It is conceivable, if immunization attains the general recognition that smallpox vaccination has, that there is no reason why such acceptance should not be accorded it, that typhoid will be a rare disease by 1930. This means that even many of the older physicians of today will live to see the time when the infection will no longer be common.

One point must be considered in making such a prognostication. As immunization is conferred the necessity for immunization becomes less apparent to the general public, and the method will to a certain extent be neglected. This is the situation as regards smallpox in this country today, and for this reason the disease will persist until universal immunization is practiced. Therefore, even with perfect health care, the eradication of the disease is not to be looked for.

"MUST DESTROY LONDON."

German Papers Demand More Air Raids on England.

A very decided campaign in favor of more air raids on England is being carried on in the German newspapers, according to the latest London dispatches. The government in Berlin is urged to increase the number of attacks on the British people in their homes and on the destruction of London will satisfy Germany.

The leaders of the propaganda call upon the government to send the entire fleet of Zeppelins to the heart of England to create havoc and ruin that cannot soon be forgotten. Perhaps the most fiery and furious demand upon the government in this respect is printed in the Tagesspiegel.

"Justice, every element of human justice," says the paper, "demands the destruction of London. There is in the whole world no better target for aerial attack than the city of London, that gigantic, complex assemblage of lofty ancient warehouses, with their enormous stores of all descriptions and their inviting situation in narrow and tortuous streets. If only such raids can be repeated again and again the result will be assured."

This paper makes the somewhat astounding assertion that France and Russia will share Germany's joy when London is destroyed and England is placed to the heart. The suffering entailed in such destruction, the paper continues, would not compare for a moment to the misery in invaded East Prussia, Belgium, the northern departments of France and the Polish provinces.

"England, it was," says the paper, "which ignited the conflagration, and England and her capital must not be spared in consequence of that crime. A single ruined London would be worth a thousandfold the value of the warehouses, the palaces and the London merchants who, when incapable of adding more sovereigns to their money bags, staged and managed a sanguinary war so that they might delve deeper into the gold heaps."

The Nueste Nachrichten encourages its readers by asserting that London already has been partly destroyed by the Zeppelins and declaring that the remainder is soon to go.

"Our hearts are broken," says this paper, "are not inspired by the blind hatred or anger, but by a solemn and religious awe at being the chosen instruments of a divine wrath. When they see London breaking up in smoke and fire they will live through a thousand lives of immeasurable joy which all at home must envy. At last the long yearned for punishment will fall on England and its people, liars and hypocrites, for their overbearing measure of sin for ages past."

The Deutsches Tagesspiegel says: "London represents not merely the center of commercial and financial life in England, but the credit system of the whole empire and the Anglo-Saxon race throughout the earth. It is this venerable shrine of finance and on such a terrestrial sphere that the Germans must sow bombs."—London dispatch to New York Sun.

QUESTION OF THE HOUR.

Government Will Back the Banks: Now Will Banks Back the Farmer?

The cotton situation is clearing and brightening every day. The effect of England's contraband order had been fully discounted in advance and produced no further depression.

Now the clear-cut message of Mr. Harding of the Federal reserve board and the ringing letter of President Wilson, printed on another page, make another point perfectly plain. That

point is that the government is going to back the banks and it demands that the banks back the farmer. President Wilson's vigorous declaration in behalf of health service rates on cotton loans is especially noticeable.

The thing to do is for the farmers in every neighborhood to organize, formally or informally, and find out just what the local banks will do. Last year it was repeatedly stated by the minority of bankers who were willing to lend money on cotton, that few farmers applied for such loans. Let not that be said this year. We must keep the crop from being rushed to market at present prices, and that means the farmers must avail themselves of all the co-operation afforded by banks—for many owners must have advances in order to meet pressing obligations. And remember this: It hurts prices just as much for your neighbor's crop to be rushed to market as for your own crop to be. Consequently we should have neighborhood action everywhere, with the stronger farmers joining to help the weaker ones.

If it were only twelve months later when our Federal reserve banking was in operation," Secretary McAdoo said to the writer a year ago, "we could handle this cotton situation without any trouble." That system is in operation now, it is on trial, and the United States government positively asserts that the banks can finance the crop—and at reasonable interest charges—if they will. It's up to the system and the banks. And we appeal to them to see that aid is extended—not primarily to the commercial and speculative classes, but to the man at the bottom, the man whose sweat and labor actually produced the cotton. And unless such aid is extended, it is only fair to say that somehow or other we are going to get a system that will recognize its duty to agriculture as well as to commerce, manufactures and transportation and that the whole agricultural south will at once move with hurricane-like forces for an absolutely new deal in banking—Progressive Farmer.

GENERAL NEWS NOTES

Items of Interest Gathered from All Around the World.

Sixteen miners were killed by a gas explosion in a coal mine at Boswell, Pa., Tuesday morning.

Killing frosts badly damaged late truck crops in Wisconsin Sunday night. In Iowa the thermometer registered as low as 34 degrees.

Hon. Wm. J. Bryan is to be president of the re-organized Winona chautauqua, which was sold last Monday at auction to settle the debts of the organization.

Portland, Ore., wants General Geo. W. Goethals, builder of the Panama canal, for its business manager, and offers him the job with a salary of \$25,000 a year.

The 1915 Kansas wheat crop is estimated at 98,890,000 bushels. The corn crop is estimated at 148,482,000 bushels. The wheat crop has been badly damaged by excessive rains.

A Constantinople correspondent of the Frankfurter Zeitung, says that the Allies' losses on the Gallipoli peninsula, from August 6 to 31, were in excess of 50,000 men.

Samuel S. Cord, a wealthy Philadelphia real estate dealer, was murdered near his summer home at Laurel Springs, N. J., Monday night. Robbery is supposed to have been the motive.

An Australian syndicate proposes to raise the wreck of the German raider Emden, sunk by the Australian cruiser Sydney, on Keeling Island of the Cocos group, in the Indian ocean, and use the vessel for show purposes.

An estimate by the agricultural department, places the number of surplus horses in the United States at 9,000,000, the surplus in horses being caused by the increasing use of automobiles in all sections of the country.

The Pennsylvania Railroad company is said to have offered each of its 100,000 employees a month's vacation provided they go to military instruction camps in pursuance of the plan of national preparedness.

The Russian minister of agriculture estimates the empire's grain crop this year as in excess of 2,000,000,000 bushels, of which 571,000,000 bushels is wheat. The total grain crop is estimated as being 446,000 bushels greater than in 1914.

Joe Deberry, a negro, murdered his benefactress, Mrs. J. H. Martin, at Murphysboro, Ill., July 30. He was indicted Monday morning, pleaded guilty before the grand jury, and again in the afternoon before the trial court and was sentenced to be hanged on October 16th.

Millions of dollars worth of German and Austrian-made toys and other holiday goods, destined for America, but held at neutral European ports on account of the British blockade, are to be released for shipment to the United States, by agreement of the British government.

In an address before the New York constitutional convention Monday, President Elihu Root delivered a strong address against "bossism" and "invisible government" in state and municipal affairs. Mr. Root's address was pronounced one of the best ever delivered on the subject of government by the "power behind the throne."

A Denmark paper, the Folkeblad of Helsing, a frontier town, says it has excellent authority for the statement that there was recently an altercation in the reichstag concerning a national service law. "The law will increase the age limit to 54," this newspaper says. "It authorizes the calling out of all men who hitherto have been rejected on account of their physical condition, including even those who previously have not been considered fit for the untrained landsturm."

After maintaining for 35 years a dual identity as banker and prominent citizen of Forrest City, Ark., and as a forger of really documents of other parts of the country, John W. Kline of St. Louis, is under arrest in St. Louis. He has confessed, according to detectives, to committing swindles aggregating more than \$500,000. As a